

# THE Lamentations of A-

*mintas for the death of  
Phillis.*

*Paraphraſticallie translated out of Latine  
to English Hexameters, by  
Abraham Fraunce.*

Newly Corrected.



AT LONDON

Printed by *Robert Robinson*, for *Thomas  
Newman and Thomas Gubbin.*

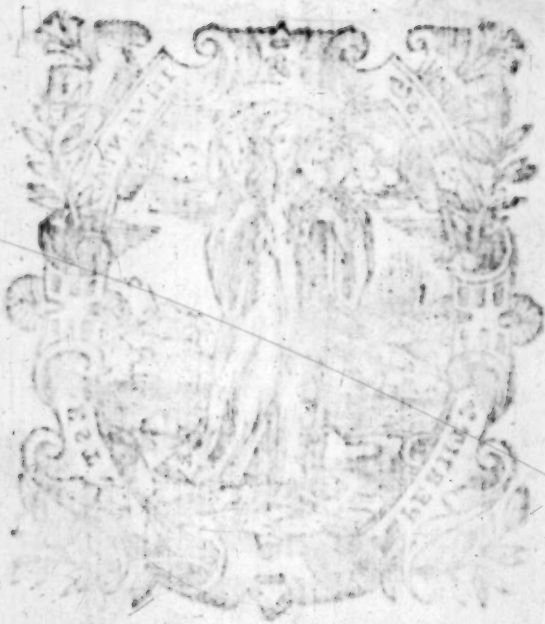
ANNO. DOM. 1589.

# THE Lamentations of A

ministers for the death of  
Phillips

Transcribed by the Rev. Mr. Phillips  
to Philip's Hammer, by  
Thomas Phillips

Newly Corrected.



AT LONDON

Printed by Robert Taylor, for Thomas  
Newman and Thomas Osborn  
ANNO DOMINI 1793.

# To the Right Honorable vertuous and lear-

ned Ladie, the Ladie Marie,  
Countesse of Penbroke.



Y afflicted mind and crased bo-  
die together with other exter-  
nall calamities haue wrought  
such sorrowfull and lamentable  
effectes in mee, that for this  
whole yeare I haue wholly gi-  
uen ouer my selfe to mournfull  
meditations. Among others  
*Aminas* is one, which being first

prepared for one or two, was afterward by the meanes of a  
fewe, made common to many, and so pitifully disfigured  
by the boisterous handling of vnskillfull pen-men, that hee  
was like to haue come abroad so vnlike himselfe, as that  
his owne *Phillu* would neuer haue taken him for *Aminas*.  
Which vtter vndooing of our poore shepheard, I knewe  
not well otherwise howe to preuent, but by repairing  
his ragged attire, to let him passe for a time vnder your Ho-  
norable protection. As for his foes, they either generally  
mislike this vnusual kind of verse, or els they fancie not my  
peculiar trauaile. For the first, I neuer hearde better argu-  
ment of them then this, such a one hath done but ill, there-  
fore no man can doe well: which reason is much like  
their owne rimes, in condemning the Art for the fault of  
some Artificers. Now for the second sort of reprehenders,

## THE EPISTLE DEDICATORIE.

who thinke well of the thing, but not of my labour therein, mine answer is at hand. If there were any penalty appointed for him that would not reade, he might well complaine of me that publish it to be read, why then not in mine also to publish it? He that will, let him see and reade, he that will neither reade nor see, is neither bound to see nor reade. He that taketh no delight in reading, let him think that among so many men so diuersly affected, there may bee some found of a contrary humor. If any begin to reade, when he beginneth to take no delight, let him leaue off and go no further. If he follow on in reading without pleasure, let him neither blame me that did what I could, nor be angry with the thing which hath no sense, but reprehende himselfe who would continue in reading without any pleasure taking.

*Your Honours most affectionate,*  
**Abraham Fraunce.**



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## ¶ The first Lamentation.

**I**N flowre of young yeares fayre *Phillis* lately departing,  
With teares continual was daily bewaild of *Amintas*,  
Halfe mad *Amintas*, careful *Amintas*, mournful *Amintas*.  
Whose mourning al night, al day, did weary the mountains,  
Weary the woods, & windes, and caues, & weary the foun-  
But when he saw in vaine his cheekes with teares to be watred, (taines,  
Cheekes al pale and wan, yet could not finde any comfort,  
Comfortles then he turns at length his watery countnance  
Vnto the shril waters of *Thames*, and there he beginneth:

Heare, o nimph, these plaints, heare, o good nimph, my bewailings,  
And conuey them downe to thy kinsmans watery kingdome,  
Down to the worldwashing main-sea with speedy reflowing:  
Worldwashing main-sea will then conuey to the worlds end  
This grieuous mourning, by the shore, by the sands, by the desert,  
Desert, sands, and shore which witnes were to my mourning.

And great God *Neptune* perchaunce his mightily thundring  
*Triton* will commaund to recount what I feele, what I suffer,  
Raging heate of loue, passing outrageous *Aetna*.

So th'infamous fame of wretched louer *Amintas*,  
Blown from th'east to the west, by the sounding trump of a *Triton*,  
Through deepe seas passing, at length may pearce to *Auernus*,  
And fields *Elysian*; where blessed soules be abiding,  
And there meete *Phillis*, sweete soule of *Phillis* among them,  
Sweete soule of *Phillis*, stil, stil, to be mournd of *Amintas*.

O what a life did I leade, what a blessed life did I leade then,  
Happy sheheard with a louing lasse, while destinie suffred?  
Vnder a beech many times wee sate most sweetely together,  
Vnder a broade beech-tree that sun-beames might not anoy vs,  
Either in others armes, stil looking eithen on other:

### *The first Lamentation.*

Both, many times singing, and verses both many making,  
And both so many words with kisses so many mingling.  
Sometimes her white neck, as white as milk, was I tutching,  
Sometimes her pretie paps, and breast was I bold to be fingring,  
Whilst *Phillis* smiling and blushing hangd by my bosome,  
And these cheekes of mine did stroke with her yuory fingers,  
These cheekes with yong haire like soft down al to be smeared.  
O ioyful spring time with pleasures wished abounding,  
O those blessed daies whilst good lucke shin'd fro the heauens.  
But since *Phillis*, alas, did leaue most cursed *Amintas*,  
Pains haue plagued, alas, both flesh and bones of *Amintas*,  
No day riseth, alas, but it heares these grones of *Amintas*,  
No night commeth, alas, that brings any rest to *Amintas*,  
Night and daie thus, alas, stil *Phillis* troubleth *Amintas*.

Now if northren blasts should sound their feareful alarum,  
And boistrous tempests come thundring downe fro the heauens,  
So that I were compeld with sheepe and kidds fro the pastures  
Down to the broad brancht trees & thick set groues to be skudding,  
There to remain for a while, and al for feare of a scowring,  
*Phillis* then do I want, then my sweet *Phillis* is absent,  
*Phillis* then do I want: whose wont was then to be harckning  
All that I could of loue, and goddes louely, remember:  
Songs of lustie *Satyrs*, and *Fauni* friends to the mountaines,  
And cheereful *Charites*: such songs, as none but I onelie,  
Onelie *Amintas* made, for none compar'd with *Amintas*:

But now, *Phillis* I want, and who shal now be my *Phillis*?  
Who shal marke what I sing, what I say, forsaken *Amintas*?  
If that I praise *Phillis*, these hils giue praise to my *Phillis*,  
And *Phillis*, *Phillis*, from rocks with an *Eccho*, reboundeth.  
Thus by the whistling windes my mourning's, made but a iesting.  
If that I grone, these trees with bending, yeeld many gronings:  
And very ground for grieve shews her complexion altred:  
So this ground, these trees, these rocks, and *Eccho* resounding,  
Al that I heare, that I see, giues fresh increase to my sorrow.

Go poore sheepe and kidds, sometimes the delite of *Amintas*,  
Secke now somewhere els both gras and boughs to refresh you,  
Make your way by the fields, and neuer looke for *Amintas*.  
Lodge your selues at night, and neuer looke for *Amintas*.

Some

### *The first Lamentation.*

Some pitiful Goodman will take compassion on you,  
And feede you wandring, and bring you home by the euning.

And I alone, yeelding due mourning vnto my *Phillis*,  
*Phillis* mine and yours (for you also shee regarded)  
Ile now wander alone, stil alone, by the rocks, by the mountains,  
Dwelling in the darke dens by the wilde beasts onely frequented,  
Where no path for man, where no man's seene to be passing:  
Or to the woods Ile goe, so darke with broad-shadoe branches,  
That no Sunne by the day, no starre by the night do anoy mee,  
And that I heare no voice, but Goblins horrible outcries,  
Owles balefull scrikings, and crows vn lucky resoundings.  
There shal these mine eies be resolud in watery fountains:  
There shal these fountains flowe ouer along by the pastures:  
There will I make such plaints, as beasts shal mourne by my plainings,  
Such plaints, as strong trees shal rent and riue fro the rooting,  
Make wild Panthers tame, and mollifie lastly the flintstone.  
And if I needes must sleepe, Ile take but a nap by my sleeping,  
On bare and cold ground, these limbs al weary reposing:  
No greene turfe to my head, shal stand in steede of a pillow,  
No bowes or branches giue cousing vnto my carkas,  
That some foule serpent may speedily giue me my deaths wound:  
That this poore soule may from flesh and bloud be released,  
And passing *Stygian* waters, may come to the faire fields,  
*Elysian* faire fields, and daily resort to my *Phillis*.

Meane while friendly shepheards & plowmen, marke what I tel you,  
Marke what I say (for I think you knew and loved *Amintas*.)  
Disdaine daintie *Venus*, giue no ground vnto the blind boy,  
Yong boy, but strong boy: take heede, take heede by *Amintas*.  
Th'one with a fire hath burnt, and th'other pearst with an arrow  
Flesh, and bones, and bloud: what's worse then a fire; then an arrow?  
O bitter fortune of too too wretched *Amintas*,



## ¶ The second Lamentation.

WHen by the pleasant streames of *Thames* poore caitif *Amintas*,  
Had to the dull waters his grieve thus vainly reuealed;  
As soone as morning her shining haire from the mountains  
Had shewn forth, and driu'n al star-light quite from the heauens,  
Then that vnhappy shepheard stil plag'd with vnhappily louing,  
Left those barren banks and waters no pitie taking,  
And on a crookt sheephooke his lims al weary reposing,  
Climed aloft to the hils, but, alas, very faintly climed,  
Kids, and goats, and sheepe driuing, goodman, to the mountains,  
For sheepe, goats, and kids with pastures better abounding,  
Then by the way thus he spake, to the sheepe, to the goats, to the yong  
O poore flock, it seemes you feelee these pangs of a louer, (kids.  
And mourne thus to behold your mournful maister *Amintas*;  
Your wont was, some part to be bleating, some to be skipping.  
Some with bended browes and horned pates to be butting,  
Sheepe to be gnapping grasse, and goats to the vines to be climbing.  
But now no such thing, but now no lust to be liuely,  
Sheepe and seelly shepheard with lucklesse loue be befotted,  
You for *Amintas* mourne, for *Phillis* mourneth *Amintas*;  
O with what miseries poore mortal men be molested?  
Now doe I know right wel what makes you thus to be mourning,  
Thus to be tyred, thus to be quailed, thus to be drooping:  
*Phillis* while she remaind, milkt my goats euer at euning,  
Goats that brought home duggs stretcht with milk euer at euning.  
*Phillis* brought them flowres, and them brought vnto the wel-springs,  
When dog-daies rained, when fields were all to be scorched,  
Whilst that I lay sleeping in cooling shade to refresh me.  
*Phillis* againe was wont with *Amintas* sheepe to be washing,  
*Phillis* againe was wont my sheepe thus washt to be shearing,  
And to the sweete pastures my sheepe thus shorne to be driuing,

Then

## *The second Lamentation.*

Then from fox and wolfe my sheepe thus driu'n to be keeping,  
And in folds and coates my flocke thus kept to be closing:  
Least by the Northren winds my sheepe might chance to be pinched,  
Least by the frost or snow my kids might chance to be grieved:

*Phillis* lou'd you so, so *Phillis* loued *Amintas*,

*Phillis* a guide of yours, and *Phillis* a friend of *Amintas*.

But sweete sheepe, sweete goats, spare not to be liuely, for al this,

Looke not vpon my weeping face so sadly, for al this,

Harken not to my plaints and songs al heauy, for al this,

Harken not to my pipe, my pipe vnluckie, for al this.

But sweete sheepe, sweete goats, leaue off your maister *Amintas*,

Leape and skip by the flowring fields, and leaue off *Amintas*,

Climbe to the vines and tender trees, and leaue off *Amintas*,

Climbe to the vines but run for life, for feare of a mischiefe,

When th'old *Silennus* with his Assie comes lasily trotting.

Let me alone, me alone lament and mourne my beloued,

Let me alone celebrate her death by my teares, by my mourning:

Like to the siluer swan, who seeing death to be comming,

Wandreth alone for a while through streames of louely *Caister*,

Then to the flowring bankes al faint at length he repaireth,

Singing there, sweete bird, his dying song to *Caister*,

Giuing there, sweete bird, his last farewell to *Caister*,

Yeelding vp, sweete bird, his breath and song to *Caister*.

How can *Amintas* liue, when *Phillis* leaueth *Amintas*?

What for fields, for woods, for medowes careth *Amintas*,

Medowes, woods, and fields if my sweete *Phillis* abandon?

Mightie *Pales* fro the fields, fro the medowes learned *Apollo*,

*Faunus* went fro the woods, when *Phillis* went from *Amintas*,

No good sight to my eies, no good sound came to my hearing:

But let *Phillis* againe come backe, and stay with *Amintas*,

Then shal woods with leaues, and fields with flowers be abounding,

Medowes with greene grasse to the poore mans dailie reioycing,

Mightie *Pales* to the fields, to the medowes learned *Apollo*,

*Faunus* come to the woods, if *Phillis* come to *Amintas*,

No bad sight to my eies, no bad sound comes to my hearing.

Come then good *Phillis*, come back, if destinie suffer,

Leaue those blessed bowers of soules already departed,

Let those sparckling eies most like to the fire, to the Christall,

## The second Lamentation.

Overcome those hags and fiends of fearful *Auernus*.  
Which haue overcome those stars of chearful *Olympus*.  
And by thy speech more sweet then songs of Thracian *Orpheus*,  
Pacific th' infernal furies, please *Pluto* the grim god,  
Staie that bauling curre, that three-throat horrible hel-hound,  
For vertue, for voice, th' art like to *Sibilla*, to *Orpheus*.

Sweet heart, come to thy friend, to thy friend come speedilie, sweet  
Speedilie come, least grief consume forsaken *Amintas*. (heart,  
*Phillis*, I pray thee returne, if praiers may be regarded,  
By these teares of mine, from cheekes aie rueful abounding,  
By those armes of thine, which sometimes clasped *Amintas*,  
By lips thine and mine, ioined most sweetlie together,  
By faith, hands, and heart with true sinceritie pledged,  
By songs, by wedding with great solemnitie vowed,  
By iests, and good turnes, by pleasures al I beseech thee,  
Helpe and succor, alas, thy forlorne loue *Amintas*.  
Or by thy teares intreat, that I liue not alone thus,  
Pin'de thus away with griefe, suffering vnspeakeable anguish;  
But let death, let death come speedilie giue me my passport,  
So shal I find faire fields, faire seats, faire groues by my dying,  
And in fields, in seats, in groues faire *Phillis* abiding.  
There shal *Phillis* againe, in curtesie strue with *Amintas*.  
There with *Phillis* againe, in curtesie strue shal *Amintas*,  
There shal *Phillis* againe, make garlands gay for *Amintas*,  
There for *Phillis* againe, gay garlands make shal *Amintas*,  
There shal *Phillis* againe, be repeating songs with *Amintas*,  
Which songs *Phillis* afore had made, and sung with *Amintas*.

But what, alas, did I meane, to the whistling winds to be mourning?  
As though mourning could restore what destenie taketh.

Then to his house, ful sad, when night approcht, he returned.

¶ The



### ¶ The third Lamentation.

**A**Nd now since burial of *Phyllis* louelie, the third day  
At length appeared, when that most careful *Aminas*  
Loost his kids fro the fold, and sheepe let forth fro the sheepcoats,  
And to the neighbour hils ful set with trees he resorted,  
Where, as amidst his flock, his lasse thus lost he bewaileth,  
And makes fond wishes with deepe sighs interrupted,  
And the relenting aire with his outcrie al to be beateth;  
Eccho could not now to the last words yeeld any Eccho,  
Al opprest with loue: for her old loue stil she remembred;  
And she remembred stil, that sweet *Narcissus* her old loue,  
With teares al blubbred, with an inward anguish amased.  
When she begins to resound, her sobs stil stay the resounding,  
When she begins her speech, her grieve stil stoppeth her halfe speech,  
With which her woht was with louers sweetly to dallie.

During these her dumps, thus againe complaineth *Aminas*,  
During these his plaints, she with al compassion harkneth,  
O what a warre is this with loue thus stil to be struing?  
O what a wildfire's this conuaid to my heart by the blind boy?  
That neither long time can bring any end to my struing,  
Nor teares extinguish this fire throwne by the blind boy?  
Then then, alas, was I lost, o then then, alas, was I vndone,  
When the coral colored lips were by me greedily viewed,  
And eies like bright stars, and faire brows daintily smiling,  
And cheereful forehead with gold wire al to be decked,  
And cheeks al white red, with snow and purple adorned,  
And pure flesh swelling with quick raines speedily moouing,  
And such fine fingers, as were most like to the fingers  
Of *Tithonus* wife, plating th' old beard of her husband.

What shal I say to the rest? each part vnited in order,

### The third Lamentation.

Each part vnspotted, with long robes couered each part:  
What shal I say to the rest? manie kisses ioind to the sweet words,  
And manie words of weight in like sort ioind to the kisses,  
Vnder a greene Laurel sitting, and vnder a Mirtle,  
Mirtle due to *Venus*, greene Laurel due to *Apolla*.  
That litle earthen pot these ioies hath now fro me snatched,  
That litle earthen pot where *Phillis* bones be referued,  
O thrise happie the pot, where *Phillis* bones be referued,  
And thrise happie the ground, where this pot shal be referued.  
Earth, and earthen pot, you haue the belou'd of *Amintas*,  
Natures sweete deareling, and onelie delight to the whole world,  
And sunne of this soile, of these woods onelie *Diana*,  
Onelie *Pales* of seellie shepheards, *Pandora* the goddes,  
Excluding al faults, including onelie the goodnes,  
O thrise happie the earth, but much more happie the earth pot.

O thrise happie the grasse that growes on graue of a goddesse,  
And shooting vpward, displaies his top to the heauens.  
Sweete blasts of *Zephyrus* shal make this grasse to be seemelie,  
No Sithe shal touch it, no serpent craftelie lurking  
With venimous breathing, or poison deadlie shal hurt it:  
No Lionesse foule pawes, Beares foote, beasts horne shal abuse it,  
No birds with pecking, no vermine filthie by creeping,  
No winters hoare frost, no night dewes dangerous humor,  
No rage of suns heate, no starres or power of heauens,  
No boistrous tempest, no lightnings horrible outrage.

Drue hence good plowme, drue hence your wearied oxen, (grasse,  
And you, friendlie shepheards, keepe backe your sheepe fro the graues  
Least your sheepe vnwares may chance by my loue to be harmed,  
Least by the bulles rude rage her bones may chance to be bruised,  
Whilst with foot and horne he the graues ground teareth a sunder.

Make hast you yong men, make hast all you pretie damfels,  
With sacred water this sacred place to besprinkle:  
Burne Piles of beech-trees, and then cast on the Sabean  
Spice to the Piles burning, send sweete perfumes to the heauens,  
Cinnamon, and Casia, Violets, and loued *Anomum*,  
Red colored Roses, with Beare-breech cast ye together.

And then on euerie side set tapers sacred in order,  
And beate your bare breasts with fists al wearie for anguish,

And

### *The third Lamentation.*

And sing sweete Epitaphes, lifting your voice to the heauens,  
Sing soure sweete Epitaphes in death and praise of a goddes.  
Wanton fleshlie *Satyrs* and *Fauni* friends to the mountaines,  
Nymphs addict to the trees, and in most gracious order  
Three graces ioyning, shal beare you companie mourning.

And I my selfe, wil dresse, enbalme, and chest my beloued,  
And following her coarfe, (all pale and wan as a dead man,)  
Wearie the woods with plaints, & make new streames by my weeping,  
Such streames as no banck shal barre, streames euer abounding,  
Such streames as no drought shal drie, streames neuer abating.  
With me *Parnassus*, with me shal mourne my *Apollo*,  
And *Venus* al chafed, that destenie tooke my beloued.

And that same vile boy that first did ioine me to *Phillis*,  
His lamp shal lay downe, and painted quiuer abandon,  
And with his owne pretie teares trickling, and sweetlie beseeming,  
Help me to mourne, although that he gaue first cause to my mourning.

But what, alas, do I meane to repeate these funeral outcries,  
Stil to repeat these songs, and stil too late to repeat them?  
Thrise hath *Phæbus* now displaid his beams fro the mountains,  
Thrise hath *Phæbus* now descended down to the main-sea,  
Since my belourd was dead, since our good companie parted,  
Since *Phillis* buried, since al solemnities ended,  
Since my delites, poore wretch, were al inclosd in a coffin.  
Yet do I mourne here stil, though no good comes by my mourning,  
Adding teares to my teares, and sorrows vnto my sorrows,

O strong boy, strong bow, shot first that dangerous arrow,  
Now do I find it a paine, which first did seeme but a pleasure,  
Now do I feele it a wound, which first did seeme but a smarting,  
When strong boy, strong bow, shot first that dangerous arrow.

Thus did *Amintas* mourne, and then came home by the sunset.



### ¶ The fourth Lamentation.

**T**Hrife had shining sunne withdrawn his face fro the heauens,  
And earth al darkned, since *Phillis* friendlie departed,  
And when fourth daie came, then again true louer *Amintas*,  
Mindful of old loue stil, tooke no ioy flocke to be feeding,  
But stil alone wandring, through fields, to the banks, to the waters,  
Leaned his head on banke, and cies cast down to the waters,  
With teares incessant his cheeks ful waterie washing.

What now resteth, alas, to be doone of woful *Amintas*,  
No sense, no knowledge in these vn sensible ashes,  
In graue no feeling, in death ther's no pitie taken.

*Phillis* makes but a iest, dead *Phillis* mocketh *Amintas*.  
*Phillis* breakes her faith, and plaies with *Pluto* the blacke prince,  
*Pluto* the blacke prince now enioies those ioies of *Amintas*.

Speak on, good sweet nymphs, if you can tel anie tidings,  
Whether amongst those trulls that wait on Queene of *Auernus*,  
My Queene and Empreffe, my *Phillis* chance to be spinning?  
Speake, for I feare, I feare shee'l neuer come to *Amintas*.

And thou *Sylvanus*, *Sylvanus* good to the mountains,  
And flocks on mountains, o helpe most helpelesse *Amintas*,  
Help by thy selfe, by thy friends, thou god cause gods to be helping,  
For my religion, for my deuotion helpe me,  
For thine owne boyes sake, for loue of sweet *Cyparissus*,  
Either let *Phillis* be returned backe to *Amintas*,  
Or let *Amintas* die, that death may succor *Amintas*.

And thou naughtie *Cupid*, yet saie on, giue me thy counsaile,  
What shal I do, shal I die? shal *Amintas* murder *Amintas*?  
Die then *Amintas*: death wil bring *Phillis* to *Amintas*.  
O hard hearted loue, thou see'st what I beare, what I suffer,  
Heart with flames, and cies with mournful water abounding,  
Head with cares posselt, and soule ful of horrible anguish.

This

### The fourth Lamentation.

This thou seest, and sure I do know, it grieues thee to see this,  
Though they cal thee tyrant, though so thou iustly be called,  
Though thy nature passe *Busris* beastly behauiour:  
For what makes me to mourne, may cause thee to yeelde to my mour-  
One rude rock, one wind, & one tempestuous outrage (ning:  
Batters, breaks, and beats my ship to the quicksands.

Our hatins are equal, thy shipwrack like to my shipwrack,  
Loue did loue *Phillis*, *Phillis* was lou'd of *Amintas*,  
*Phillis* loues dearling, *Phillis* dearling of *Amintas*,  
Dearling, crowne, garland, hope, ioy, wealth, health of *Amintas*,  
And what more shal I say? for I want words fit for *Amintas*.

And thou churlish ground, now cease any more to be fruitful,  
Cease to be deckt with flowres, and al in greene to be mantled,  
Thy flowre is withered, my garland latelie decaied,  
*Phillis* thine and mine with death vntimelie departed,  
Whose sweet corps thou bar'st, whose footsteps in thee be printed,  
And whose face thou didst admire for beautie renowned.  
Belch out roaring blasts with gaping iawes to the heauens,  
That those roaring blasts may scoure by the skies, by the heauens,  
And foule strugling storms cast downe fro the cloudes, fro the heauens,  
For such foule weather wil best agree with a mourner.  
Howle and mourne thou earth, and roare with an horrible outerie,  
Howle as then thou didst, when mountains were to the mountains  
Put, by thy cursed brood, to be climbing vp to *Olympus*,  
When great flakes of fire came flashing downe fro the heauens,  
When thy crawling sons came tumbling downe from *Olympus*.

Howle as Ladie *Ceres* did then, when prince of *Auernus*  
Stole her daughter away from fields that ioined on *Aetna*,  
Vnto the dungeons dark, and dens of his hellish abiding,  
Thou ground, forgetful what was by duetie required,  
Should'st send vnbidden, with *Phillis*, teares to *Auernus*.  
Her blessed burden thou wast vnworthie to carie,  
Therefore tender girle in flowring age she departed.  
O frowning fortune, ô stars unluckilie shining,  
O cursed birth daie of quite forsaken *Amintas*.  
*Phillis*, alas, is changd, *Phillis* conuerted in ashes,  
Whose pretie lips, necke, eies, and haire so sweetlie beseeming,  
Purple, snow, and fire, and gold wire seemd to resemble.

### The fourth Lamentation.

*Tithonus* faire wife coms alwaies home by the sunset,  
Euerie night coms home to that old *Tithonus* her husband,  
Sweet *Cephalus* leauing, and graybeard hartilie kissing:  
But my *Phyllis*, alas, is gone as farre as *Auernus*,  
Gone too farre to returne, and this tormenteth *Amintas*.  
White is black and sweete is sowre to the sense of *Amintas*,  
Night and daie do I weepe, and make ground moist by my weeping,  
Mourne, lament, and howle, and powre forth plaints to the heauens.  
So do the Nightingales in bushes thorny remaining  
Sing many doleful notes and tunes, sweet harmonie making.  
Their young ones mourning, their yong ones dailie bewailing.

*Phyllis*, alas, is gone, shee'l neuer come to *Amintas*,  
Neuer againe come back, for death and destinie staie her,  
Staie her among those groues, and darksome dens of *Auernus*,  
Where's no path to returne, no starting hole to be scaping,  
Destenie, death, and hel, and howling hideuos helhound,  
Loathsome streames of *Stix*, that ninetimes compas *Auernus*,  
Staie her amongst those hags in dungeons ougly for euer.  
Only the name and fame, and her most happie remembrance  
Stil shal abide, shal liue, shal flourish freelie for euer.

Thus did *Amintas* speake, and then came faintilie homeward.

¶ The



## ¶ The fifth Lamentation.

Since *Phillis* burial with due celebration ended,  
*Phæbus* againe aduanst his blazing face fro the main-sea;  
And with morning Star dispelling night fro the heauens,  
Quickly the fifth time brought broade day light vnto *Amintas*:  
But yet *Phillis* in heart, in mind, and soule of *Amintas*  
Stil did abide, and stil was *Phillis* mournd of *Amintas*.  
No care of driuing his goats and kids to the mountains,  
No care offollowing his sheep and lambs to the pastures,  
But daylight loathing, and daies worke wonted abhorring,  
Strait to the woods doth he walk, in no mans company walking.  
Where he the weeping flowre inaking al weary by weeping,  
Vntuned speeches cast out, and desperate outcries.  
Where, with sobs to the winds, with teares increase to the waters,  
Stil did he giue, and stil vaine loue most vainly bewailed.  
As louing Turtle seeing his lately beloued  
Turtle doue thrown down from tree, with a stone, with an arrow,  
Cannot abide sun-beames, but flies fro the fields, fro the medows,  
Vnto the darkest woods, and there his desolate harbor  
Makes in a *Cypres* tree, with lightning al to be scorched,  
Or with winters rage and blacke storms fouly defaced:  
Where on a rotten bough his lims al heauy reposing,  
Stil doth he grone for griefe, stil mourne for his onely beloued;  
Then consum'd with grieuous pangs, and weary with anguish,  
Down to the ground doth he fal with fainting wings fro the barebough  
Beating dust with wings, and feathers fouly beraying,  
Beating breast with beack, til bloud come freshly abounding,  
Til life gushing forth with bloud goe iointly together;  
So did *Amintas* mourne, such true loue made him a mourner.  
O what a vile boy's this, what a grieuous wound, what a weapon?

### *The fifth Lamentation.*

O what a dart is this that sticks so fast to my heart roote,  
Like as roots to the trunk, or like as vine to the Elmetree,  
Iuie ioind to the walls, or greene mosse cleues to the foule ponds.  
O pitiles loues-god: poore louers how be we plagued?  
O strong dart of loue which each thing speedily pearceth.  
This dart God *Saturne*, God *Mars*, and great God of al Gods  
*Ioue* himselfe did wound, vnlesse that fame did belie them.  
Although God *Saturne* were old and like to a crusht crabbe,  
Although *Mars* were armd with tri'd *Vulcanian* armour,  
Although *Ioue* with fire and thunder maketh a rumbling.  
Yea thine owne mother, thine owne inuincible arrow  
Hurt: and prickt those paps which thou wast wont to be sucking.  
Neither sparst thou him that rains in watery kingdome,  
Neither sparst thou him that rules in fearful *Auernus*;  
*Pluto* knows what it is with a paltery boy to be troubled,  
*Neptune* knows what it is by a blind boyes check to be mated.  
Then since heauen, seas, and hel are nought by thee spared,  
Earth and earth dwelling louers must looke to be pinched.

O what gaping earth wil *Amintas* greedily swallow,  
O what goulfe of seas, and deepes, wil quickly deuoure him?  
And bring him liuing to the dead mens souls in *Auernus*.

Gods of Skies (for loue hath pearst oft vp to the heauens)  
If pitie moue your hearts, if you from stately *Olimpus*  
Can vouchsafe to behold these inward wounds of *Amintas*,  
Free this troubled soule from cares and infinite anguish,  
End these endlesse toiles, bring ease by my death to my deaths-wound,

O that I had then di'd when *Phillis* liu'd with *Amintas*,  
In fields when *Phillis* sang songs of loue with *Amintas*,  
In fields when *Phillis* kist and embraced *Amintas*,  
In fields when *Phillis* slept vnder a tree with *Amintas*,  
Blest had *Amintas* beene, if death had taken *Amintas*,  
So my *Phillis* might haue come and sat by my death-bed,  
Closing these eye-lids of dead, but blessed *Amintas*,  
Blest, that he di'd in her arms, that his eies were closd by her own hands.  
But what, alas, do I meane, for death thus stil to be wishing  
Foole that I am? for death comes quickly without any wishing.  
Inward grieve of troubled soule hath brought me to deaths doore,  
Woonted strength doth faile, my limbs are fainty with anguish,

Vital

### *The fifth Lamentation.*

Vital heat is gone like vnto a smoke, to a vapor,  
Yesterday but a boy, and now grayheaded *Amintas*.

O lucklesse louers, how alwaies are we bewitched?  
What contrarieties, what fancies flatly repugnant,  
How many deaths, liues, hopes, feares, ioyes, cares stil do we suffer?  
O that I could forget *Phillis*, many times am I wishing,  
O that I had di'd for *Phillis*, many times am I wishing,  
Thus distracted I am ten thousand times by my wishing,  
Like to a ship through whirling gulfs vnsteadily passing,  
Floating here and there, hence thence with danger on each side,  
Fearing *Scyllaes* iawes, and mouth of greedy *Charibdis*:  
Whilst by the rage of Sea brusd ship sticks fast to the quick sand,  
And by the mighty rebounding waues is lastly deuoured.

But what, alas do I meane mine old loue stil to be mourning,  
Forgetting pastures, and flocks, and vines by my mourning?  
My naked pastures with flouds are like to be drowned,  
My fields vntilled with thorns are like to be pestred,  
My poore sheepe and goats with cold are like to be pinched,  
My pretie black bullock wil come no more to my white cowe,  
And by the Swines foule snout my vines are like to be rooted,  
For want of walling, for want of customed hedging:  
Ranck boughes in vinetree ther's no body now to be cutting,  
Cut boughes with withie twigs ther's no body now to be binding,  
Pecking pyes from grapes ther's no body now to be keeping.  
You rocks helpe me to mourne: rocks, pinetrees loftily bearing:  
You woods helpe me to mourne: woods alwaies wont to be silent:  
You wells helpe me to mourne: wells cleare and like to the Christal:  
Vines forlorne, forsaken shrubs lament with *Amintas*:  
On you rocks many times *Phillis* was wont to be walking,  
In you woods many times *Phillis* was wont to be sitting,  
With you wells many times *Phillis* was wont to be smiling,  
And you vines and shrubs *Phillis* was wont to be fingring.  
Now t'was iust darke night, and home came scelly *Amintas*,



## ¶ The sixth Lamentation.

Since *Phillis* burial, six times sprang light fro the mountains,  
Six times had *Titan* brought backe his coach fro the mainsea,  
And flying horses, with salt waues al to be dashed,  
With puffed vp nostrils great fire flames lustily breathing:  
When to the wild woods went carelesse, yet careful *Amintas*,  
Leauing flock in fold, no creatures company keeping,  
Beating breast with fist, with teares face fouly defacing,  
Filling waies as he went, with such and so many wailings,  
As were sometimes made by the sweet Rhodopeian *Orpheus*,  
When by the rocks of *Thrace*, by the fatal water of *Hebrus*,  
His sweet *Euclidice* with most sweet voice he bewailed,  
*Euclidice* twice lost, by the cursed lawes of *Auernus*,  
When sweet voice sweet harpe ioined most sweetly together,  
Made both birds and beasts and stocks and stones to be mourning.

Euery beast in field wisheth daylight to be comming,  
Morning Star by the birds in fields is sweetly saluted,  
As soone as she begins by the breake of day to be peeping.  
Euery beast in field wisheth dark night to be comming,  
Euning starre to the kids wel fed coms heartily welcome,  
As soone as she begins by the nights approch to be shining.  
Neither day nor night can please displeased *Amintas*;  
Al day long do I mourne, and al night long am I mourning,  
No day's free fro my plaints, and no night's free fro my plaining.

Who so thinks it strange, that thus tormented *Amintas*  
Can thus long endure: who thinks it strange that *Amintas*  
Liues, yet takes no rest, but stil liues, stil to be dying;  
This man knowes not, alas, that loue is daily triumphant,  
This man knowes not, alas, that loue can worke many wonders,  
Loue can abide no law, loue alwaies loues to be lawlesse,  
Loue alreth nature, rules reason, maistreth *Olympus*

Lawes,

### *The sixth Lamentation.*

Lawes, edicts, decrees; contemns *Ioue* mightily thundring,  
*Ioue* that rules and raigns, that with beck bendeth *Olimpus*,  
Loue cauld *Hippolitus* with bri'rs and thorns to be mangled,  
For that he had foule loue of lusting *Phadra* refused.  
Loue made *Abfirtus* with fifters hands to be muredred,  
And in pieces torne, and here and there to be scattred.  
Loue forc'd *Pasiphae* mans companie long to be loathing,  
And for a white buls flesh, buls companie long to be lusting.  
Loue and luring looks of louely *Polixena* caused  
Greekish *Achilles* death, when he came to the Church to be wedded,  
Loue made *Alcides* that great inuincible *Heros*,  
Maister of al monsters, at length to be whipt by a mistresse.  
Loue drownd *Leander* swimming to the beautiful *Hero*,  
Vnto the towne *Cestos*, from towne of cursed *Abydos*.  
Loue made *Ioue*, that's ruler of earth, and ruler of heauen,  
Like to a feely shepheard, and like to the fruitful *Echidna*,  
Like to a fire, to a swan, to a showre, to a bull, to an Eagle,  
Sometimes *Amphitriou*, sometimes *Dyctinna* resembling.

But what neede I to shew this blind boyes syrlic behauiour,  
Lewd prancks, false policies, flie shifts, and wilie deuises,  
Murdring minde, hard heart, dead hand, bent bow, readie arrowes?  
No body knows better what bitter griefe is abounding  
In loues leud kingdome, then lucklesse loue *Amintas*.  
Whether I go to the groues, or whether I climbe to the mountains,  
Whether I walke by the bancks, or whether I looke to the fountains,  
Loue stil waits an inch, and neuer leaues to be pinching.  
Euery thing complaines, and answereth vnto my plaining,  
Euery thing giues cause and new increase to my mourning.

If that I mourne in woods, these woods seeme al to be mourning,  
And broadbrancht Oake trees their vpright tops to be bowing.  
If that I sigh or sob, this pinetree straight by the shaking,  
This peerelesse pine tree for company seemes to be pining,  
As though himselfe felt thenduring pangs of *Amintas*.

And that bird of *Thrace*, my woful company keeping,  
Cries and cals for *Iris*, with monstrous villany muredred,  
Muredred, alas, by the mercilesse heart and hand of a mother,  
Eaten, alas, by the cursed mouth and teeth of a father.  
And poore Turtle doue her mates good company missing,

### *The sixth Lamentation.*

Sits on a naked bough, and keepe me company mourning.  
When that I climbe to the ragged rocks, and creepe to the mountains,  
Staying feeble knees with a staffe, for feare of a falling,  
If that I then curse death, and raile on destenie fatal,  
For marring that face, those cheekes, those yuorie fingers  
Of my sweet *Phillis*: *Phillis* comes back with an *Eccho*,  
*Eccho* returnes *Phillis* fivie times fro the rocks, fro the mountains,  
Euery beast which heares these woful plaints of *Aminas*,  
Comes, and sits him downe twixt legs of woful *Aminas*:  
Suffers backe to be stroakt with staffe of mourneful *Aminas*:  
Claps his taile t'is belly below, and moanes with *Aminas*:  
As that good *Lionesse*, which first was cur'd by a *Romaine*,  
In *Romaine Theater* gaue life for life to the *Romaine*.  
O if such pitie were in destenie no pitie taking,  
*Phillis* I should not misse, nor *Phillis* misse of *Aminas*.  
If that I come to the banks and cast mine eies to the waters,  
Waters augmented with these my watery fountains,  
Then these foule mouth'd frogs with iarring tunes do molest me,  
So that I am compeld with bowing knees to be praying,  
Praying vnto the nimphs in bowrs of water abiding,  
That they would vouchsafe to receaue my carkas among them,  
And fro the sight of man, fro the light of sunne to remoue it,  
As that loued *Hylas* they sometimes friendly receaued.  
But yet I wish in vaine, and nought can I get by my wishing.  
And of my wishing these lewd winds make but a whistling.  
So nothing contents poore mal-contented *Aminas*,  
Clogd with an heape of cares, and closd in an hel ful of horror.  
Then to his homely Cabin, by the moone light hasted *Aminas*.

¶ The



## ¶ The seauenth Lamentation.

Six nights now were past, and seu'nth day hastened onward,  
when with fretting cares, al spent and wasted *Amintas*,  
Went to the wood, stark wood, with great extremitie weeping,  
And to the dul deafe winds his late losse freshly bewailing.

O how much this *Amintas* is altred from that *Amintas*,  
Which was wont to be capraine of euery companie rurall?  
Nothing nimble I am with willow staffe to be threshing,  
Nor with toothed rake round heycocks for to be making.  
Nothing nimble I am, my branched vines to be cutting,  
Nor with sharpe edgd sucke my fruitful soile to be plowing.  
Nothing nimble I am my scabbed sheepe to be curing,  
Nor with leaping lads, with tripping trulls to be dancing.  
Nothing nimble I am sweet rimes and songs to be making,  
Nor sweet songs and rimes on pleasant pipe to be playing.  
My sence is dulled, my strength extreamely decaied,  
Since that faire *Phillis* my loue did leaue me for euer.

Who was worthy to liue, and worthy to loue me for euer,  
*Phillis*, faire *Phillis*, thou dearling deare of *Amintas*,  
What lasse durst compare with dearling deare of *Amintas*,  
For wit, for learning, for face, for seemely behauour?  
My sweet lasse *Phillis* was no more like to the gray gownes,  
And countrey milkmaids, then nightingale to the lapwing,  
Rose to the greene willow, or siluer swan to the swallow.  
*Phillis* amidst faire maids did fairemaids company countnance,  
As ripe corne doth fields, as clustred grapes do the vinetrees,  
As stout buls do the droues, as bayleues beautifie gardens.

*Phillis* name and fame, which is yet freshly remembred,  
Passed abroad so farre, so farte surpast *Amaryllis*,  
As that it yrkt and grieu'd disdainful proud *Amaryllis*,  
Who stil thought her selfe for beauties praise to be peerelesse.  
But let her heart ful of hate stil pine, let her eies ful of enuie  
Stil be resolu'd in teares, *Phillis* surmounts *Amaryllis*,  
*Phillis* dead is aliue, and so shal liue to the worlds ende,

### *The seauenth Lamentation.*

*Phillis* praise shal scape from death and graue to the worlds end.  
But what auails it, alas, dead *Phillis* now to be praising?

*Phillis*, alas, is dead, tis too late now to be praising,  
And to renew old thoughts and fond conceits by my praising.  
Better it is to be low and neuer climbe to a kingdome,  
Then fro the scepter againe to be tumbled downe to the dunghil.  
For what auails it now that *Phillis* lulled *Amintas*,

Lull'd him a sleepe in her arms, and slept her selfe with *Amintas*,  
Vnder a cooling shade from scorching beames to defend vs,  
Which fight made *Aglon* and *Mopsus* teeth to be watry?  
Or what auails it now t'haue gath' red iointly together  
Fragrant hearbs and flowres by the mantled fields, by the meddows,  
Daffadil, and Endiue, with mourning flowre Hyacinthus,  
Thime, Casia, Violets, Lillies, and sweete pretie Roses,  
For nymph and woodgods gay garlands duely preparing?  
Or what auails it now t'haue pluckt at strawbery brambles,  
Blackberie briers t'haue spoild, t'haue bared mulbery branches,  
With such country fruits our baskets heauily loading?

Or what auails it now t'haue giu'n her so many kisses,  
And t'haue taken againe in like sort so many kisses?

Or what auails it now t'haue drawne our talke to the morning,  
Or t'haue made our names with box tree barke to be growing,  
Names and vowes which nought but death coulde cause to be broken?  
Woful wretch that I am, *Phillis* forsakes me for al this,  
And forsaken of her, death hath possesst me for al this.  
And yet I am not sicke (vnlesse that loue be a sicknes)  
But death coms creeping, and lingring life is a flitting,  
And this differring of death is worse then a dying.

Lingring fire by degrees hath spent and wasted *Amintas*,  
As *Meleager* of old, whose life was left in a firebrand,  
Firebrand cast to the fire by the murdring hands of a mother,  
When fatal firebrand burning did burne *Meleager*.

Euery day do I weepe, and euery houre am I wailing,  
Euery houre and day dismal to the wretched *Amintas*,  
Yea much more wretched, then that poore feelie *Prometheus*,  
Who for his aspiring, for stealing fire from *Olympus*,  
Was by the Gods decrees fast bound with chaines to the mountain  
*Caucasus*, huge and cold, where he's compelled an Eagle,

Eagle

### The seauenth Lamentation.

Eagle still feeding, with his owne heart stil to be feeding.

O *Pan*, O *Fauni*, that loue with maids to be liuely,  
Leaue your pipes, your songs, your daunce, leaue off to be liuely,  
Ioyne your teares with *Amintas* teares, and mourn with *Amintas*,  
And mourn for *Phillis*, for *Phillis* leaueth *Amintas*.

*Phillis* for your sake fine wafers duly prepared,  
*Phillis* pleasd your eies whilst *Phillis* daintily daunced,  
*Phillis* amidst faire maids was deemed still to be fairest,  
And gaue grace to the rest with her eies and comely behauiour,  
As faire Laurell trees be adorn'd with beautifull Iuie,  
As fine gold is adorn'd by the shining light of a Iasper.  
Since death of *Phillis* no ioyes enioyeth *Amintas*,  
Euerie good thing's gone: *Phillis* tooke euery good thing,  
Countrie soile laments and Countrie men be a weeping.

And thou garden greene, now powre forth plaints with *Amintas*,  
*Phillis* thy sweete banks and beds did water at eu'ning,  
*Phillis* amidst thy flowres alwaies was wont to be walking.  
But now no walking, but now no water at euening,  
Now best flowre is dead, now *Phillis* gone fro the garden.  
And you Christall Springs with streames of siluer abounding,  
Where faire *Phillis* saw faire *Phillis* face to be shining,  
Powre forth flouds of teares from those your watric fountains,  
From those your fountains with greene mosse all to be smeared:  
*Phillis* will no more see *Phillis* sit on the fountains,  
*Phillis* will no more her lips apply to the fountains,  
Lips to be ioynd to the lips of *Ioue* that ruleth *Olympus*.

And you darksome dales and woods aie wont to be silent,  
Where she amidst the shepheards, and toiling boisterus heard men,  
Her milkwhite she goats many times was wont to be feeding,  
Lament and mourne for this nymphs vntimely departure.

But *Pan* and *Fauni*, but garden greene of *Amintas*,  
But you springs, and dales, and woods aie wont to be silent,  
Leaue off your mourning, Ile giue you leaue to be silent,  
Leaue to be silent still, giue you me leaue to be mourning,  
Leaue to be mourning still, let this most heauie departure,  
This death of *Phillis* bring wished death to *Amintas*.

Here did he pause a while, and home at night he returned.



## The eighth Lamentation.

Since death of *Phillis*, since *Phillis* burnt by *Amintas*,  
Since *Phillis* burnt bones were chested duly, the eight time  
Night gaue place to the light, and eu'ning vnto the morning:  
When to the woods so wild, to the wild beasts dangerous harbors,  
Forfaking hie waies, by the by-waies passed *Amintas* :  
And there sets him downe all wearied vnder a Myrtle,  
For grieve stil groning, with deep sighs heauily panting,  
Stil *Phillis* naming, stil *Phillis* faintly calling.  
And must one wench thus take al the delights fro the country?  
And must one wench thus make euerie man to be mourning?  
Euerie man whose flocks on these hils vse to be feeding?  
And must *Eglon* weep, and must that friendly *Menalcas*  
Weare his mourning roab, for death of my bonie *Phillis*?  
And must good *Coridon* lament, must *Tityrus* alter  
His pleasant melodies, for death of my bonie *Phillis*?  
And must *Dametas* for grieve leaue off to be louing?  
Must *Amaryllis* leaue, for death of my bonie *Phillis*?  
And must drooping bull consume as he goes by the medow?  
Must sheep looke lowring for death of my bonie *Phillis*?  
And must sighs seeme winds? must teares seeme watrie fountaines?  
And must each thing change for death of my bonie *Phillis*?  
O then what shal I doe, for death of my bonie *Phillis*?  
Since that I lou'd bonylasse *Phillis* more dearely than al these,  
Since that I lou'd her more than I loue these eies of *Amintas*,  
O then what shal I do forlorne forsaken *Amintas*,  
What shall I do, but die for death of my bonie *Phillis*?  
*Phillis* who was wont my flock with care to be feeding,  
*Phillis* who was wont my milch she goats to be milking,  
*Phillis* who was wont (most handsome wench of a thousand)  
Either clouted creame, or cakes, or curds to be making,  
Either fine baskets of bulrush for to be framing,  
Or by the greene medowes gay dancing dames to be leading,  
*Phillis*

## The eighth Lamentation.

*Phillis* whose bosome filbeards did loue to be filling,  
*Phillis* for whose sake Greene Laurel lou'd to be bowing,  
*Phillis*, alas, sweet lasse *Phillis*, this braue bony *Phillis*  
Is dead, is buried, makes all good company parted.  
O how oft *Phillis* conferr'd in fields with *Amintas*,  
Whilst for nymphs of woods gay garlands framed *Amintas*?  
O how oft *Phillis* did sing in caues with *Amintas*,  
Ioyning her sweete voice to the Oaten pipe of *Amintas*,  
O how oft *Phillis* clipt and embraced *Amintas*,  
How many thousand times hath *Phillis* kissed *Amintas*,  
Bitten *Amintas* lips, and bitten againe of *Amintas*,  
So that *Amintas* his eies enuid these lips of *Amintas*?  
O sweet soule *Phillis* whaue li'd and lou'd a great while,  
(If that a man may keepe any mortal ioy for a great while)  
Like louing Turtles and Turtledoues for a great while:  
One loue, one liking one sense, one soule for a great while,  
Therefore one deaths wound, one graue, one funeral onely,  
Should haue ioyned in one both loue and louer *Amintas*.  
O good God, what a griefe is this that death to remember?  
For such grace, gesture, face, feature, beautie, behauour,  
Neuer afore was seene, is neuer again to be lookt for.  
O frowning fortune, O death and destinie dismal:  
Thus be the poplar trees that spread their tops to the heauens,  
Of their flowring leaues dispos'd in an houre, in a moment:  
Thus be the sweet violets that gaue such grace to the garde,  
Of their purpled robes dispos'd in an houre, in a moment.  
O how oft did I roare, and crie with an horrible howling,  
When for want of breath *Phillis* lay faintly gasping?  
O how oft did I wish that *Phæbus* would from my *Phillis*  
Driue this feauer awaie: or send his sonne from *Olimpus*,  
Who, when Lady *Venus* by a chance was prickt with a bramble,  
Healed her hand with his oyles, and fine knacks kept for a purpose:  
Or that I could perceiue *Podalyrius* order in healing,  
Or that I could obtaine *Medeas* exquisite ointments,  
And baths most precious, which olde men freshlie renued,  
Or that I were as wise, as was that craftie *Promethæus*,  
Who made pictures liue with fire that he stole from *Olimpus*.  
Thus did I cal and crie, but no bodie came to *Amintas*.

### *The eighth Lamentation.*

Then did I raile and raue, but nought did I get by my railing;  
Whilst that I cal'd, and cri'd, and rag'd and rau'd as a mad man,  
*Phillis*, alas, *Phillis* by the burning fits of a feauer,  
Quickly before her daie, the daies vnluckily ended.  
O dismall deaths daie, with black stone stil to be noted,  
Wherein no Sun shin'd, no comfort came fro the heauens,  
Wherin clustred clouds had cou'red lightsome *Olimpus*,  
Wherein no sweet bird could find any way to be chirping,  
VVherein loathsome snakes from dens were loth to be creeping,  
Wherein foule skritch owles did make a detestable howling,  
And from chimney top gaue wofull signes of a mischiefe.  
O first daie of death, last day of life to *Amintas*,  
VVhich no day shall driue from soule and hart of *Amintas*;  
Till *Neptune* dride vp withdrawe his flouds fro the fishes,  
And skaled fishes liue naked along by the sea shore,  
Til starres fall to the ground, til light hart leap to *Olympus*,  
For since *Phillis* went, and left forsaken *Amintas*,  
Ioies and pleasures went, and left forsaken *Amintas*.  
Perplexd speaking, and vaine thoughts onely remained,  
Immoderate mourning, and mad loue onely remained.  
Thou *Ioue* omnipotent, which doest with mercie remember  
Mortal mens miseries: which knowst what it is to be louing,  
And thou God *Phœbus*, that sometimes driu'n from *Olimpus*  
Feeding sheepe didst loue, helpe luckles louer *Amintas*  
Feeding sheep and goats, help poore man, yong man *Amintas*.  
Thou that abridgest death, thou daughter deare to the darknes,  
Cut this thread of life, dispatch and bring me to darknes,  
Infernal darknes, fit place for mournful *Amintas*.  
So shal *Amintas* walke and talke in darksome *Auernus*,  
So shal *Amintas* loue with *Phillis* againe be renued,  
In fields *Elysian* *Phillis* shal liue with *Amintas*.  
Thus do I wish and praie, this praying is but a pratling,  
And these wishing words but a blast, but a wind, but a whistling.  
Die then *Amintas* die, for dead is thy bonie *Phillis*.  
*Phœbus* went to the sea: to the poore house hasted *Amintas*.



## The ninth Lamentation.

Since *Phillis* burial, now faire *Aurora* the ninth time  
Shewd her shining face, and *Phæbus* lightned *Olimpus*:  
VVhen from couch al wet with teares, confounded *Amintas*  
Raisd his crasd carkas, with mind stil abroad to be wandring,  
Vnto the wild beasts dens and feareful vnhospital harbours,  
VVhere was nothing els but certaine death to be lookt for.  
But whilst naked lims with roabes all ragged be coured,  
Oft did he cal and crie for *Phillis*, for bonie *Phillis*,  
VVith deepe sighs and grones stil *Phillis*, *Phillis* he called:  
And then drest, vp he gets, and gets himsele to the desert,  
Desert dens, mans sight, and Suns light euer abhorring.  
There by the woods wandring, and loue unluckie bewailing,  
More and more did he feede that wonted wound of a louer.  
Like as a trembling Hart, whose heart is pearst with an arrow,  
Runs, and yet running his death still beareth about him,  
Runs to the thickest groues, yet sweats and bleeds as he runneth,  
Runs, and so with grieve and toile death hastneth onward:  
Then with teares doth he seeke *Dictamus* flower by the desert,  
Seekes, but cannot find *Dictamus* flower by the desert,  
Like to the trembling Hart went hartles louer *Amintas*.  
And thus againe at length (his cheekes with water abounding)  
From sullen silence abruptly began to be raging.

Since *Phillis* lockt vp that starlight liuely for euer,  
Since faire *Phillis* slept that long sleepe, what shal *Amintas*  
Thinke, conceiue, contriue, or what shal *Amintas* imagine,  
VVhat shall *Amintas* do, that *Amintas* go not a begging?  
For no care is of health, no care of wealth in *Amintas*,  
No ioy, no comfort, but *Phillis* abides in *Amintas*.

VVho wil fodder now in winter giue to my bullocks?  
VVho wil now anie more bring my white bull to my heifer?  
VVho wil goats and kids to the ragged rocks be a driuing?  
VVho wil sheep and lambs from rau'ning wolues be defending?

### *The ninth Lamentation.*

Who wil looke to my rams, and wash their fleece in a riuer?  
Who wil anoint scabd sheepe, least that contagious humor  
Once take vent, make waie, & spoile whole flock of *Amintas*?  
Who wil let them bloud, when raging fire of a feauer  
Runneth a long by the bones, and marrow quickly deuoureth?  
VVho wil tender sheep-driue vp fro the fields, to the mountains,  
When deep *Thames* increast with raine or snow from *Olympus*,  
Driues downe wonted wals, and bankes al beateth a sunder,  
Ouerflowing fields, and pastures foully defacing?  
O poore flock, poore heard, o life and loue of *Amintas*:  
*Phyllis* life and loue is gone, o wretched *Amintas*.  
Euen as a Marchant man that lost his ware by a shipwrack,  
And ship left on sands with blind rocks broken a sunder,  
Swims on a board staggering with salt waues all to bedashed:  
Driu'n hence thence with winds, & knows no place to be landing:  
Wandring here and there, and sees no starres to be shining:  
So twixt hope and feare, twixt life and death doth *Amintas*  
Daily delay his daies, yet deaths wound beareth about him.  
For since *Phyllis*, alas, in a dead sleep slipt from *Amintas*,  
Inconstant, wandring, distracted, moydred *Amintas*  
Rangeth alone by the rocks, by the woods, by the dens, by the deserts,  
Deserts, dens, and woods, and rocks, where no body walketh,  
No bodie dare approach for feare of slipperie serpents,  
And crawling Adders with balefull poison abounding.  
And yet I cannot finde what I seeke, what I looke, what I long for,  
*Phyllis* I meane, by the rocks, by the woods, by the dens, by the deserts.  
Since that time, that time of grieffe, and wo the beginning,  
Neither Sun by the day, nor Moone by the night did *Amintas*  
Euer see sleeping, though weake and wearie by watching.  
And no foode I desire, for I feed to fast on a fancie,  
Loue fills faintie stomack, and euerie part of *Amintas*?  
And I desire no drinke, for I drinke vp watrie fountains,  
Fountains of salt teares, stil trickling, euer abonnding,  
Like showres in winter driu'n downe with winds from *Olimpus*.  
O most mightie *Pales*, which stil barst loue to the Countrie,  
And poore Countrie folke, hast thou forgotten *Amintas*?  
Now, when as other Gods haue all forsaken *Amintas*?  
Thou on whose feast daies bonefires were made to *Amintas*!

And

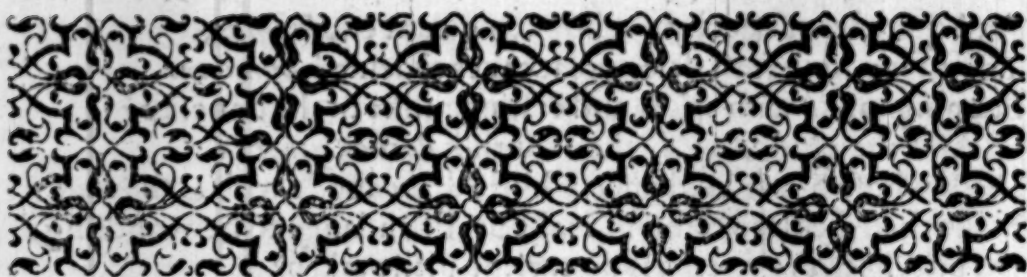
### *The ninth Lamentation.*

And quite leapt ouer by the bouncing dancer *Aminas*,  
Thou, for whose feast daies great cakes ordeined *Aminas*,  
Supping milke with cakes, and casting milke to the bonfire?

And thou syrly *Cupid*, thou churlish dame *Cythera*,  
With whose praise I did once, whilst *Phillis* abode with *Aminas*,  
Make these fields to resound, make beasts and men to be wondring,  
On pittiful poore wretch is no care, no pittie taken?  
What? shal I nothing get for making so many offerings?  
So many sweet perfumes, for saying so many prayers,  
All with a garland greene with leaues of Myrtle adorned?  
Are Gods vnthankfull? can no grace come from *Olympus*?  
Are Gods vnmindfull? why then what meane I to worship?  
Worship I know not what for a God, when it is but an Idol:  
For no guerdon, alas, no good thing's left for a good man.

Poore foole, what did I meane, on Gods or starres to be railing?  
As though starres or Gods could alter destinies order,  
Poore foole, what did I meane incessant teares to be shedding?  
Stil to the hils, to the woods, to the fields, to the flouds to be wailing.  
Sith these hils, these woods, these fields, these flouds to my weeping  
Can lend no feeling, can afford no sence to my wailing,  
Yet will I call *Phillis*, though no bodie come by my calling,  
And weepe for *Phillis*, though no good come by my weeping,  
Thus will I do: many men, many minds: this pleaseeth *Aminas*.  
And yet I cannot abide anie more by the woods to be ranging.  
And this liuing death, this dying life to be leading:  
Die then *Aminas*, die, let *Aminas* murder *Aminas*,  
So shal that grim Sire, and foule fac'd prince of *Auernus*,  
Some pittie take, when he sees this wound of muredred *Aminas*,  
This wound wide and large: and losse of grau's but a smal losse.  
So shall *Aminas* walke, and *Phillis* walke with *Aminas*,  
Through those pleasant groues and flowring fields of *Auernus*.  
But yet againe to his house with doubtfull mind he returned.

The



## ¶ The tenth Lamentation.

Since that fatall day and houre vnluckie, the tenth time  
Faيرة *Aurora* betimes by the daies break rose from her husband,  
Husband old, and cold, and droue backe clouds from *Olympus*,  
Making waie to the Sunne, taking her waie to the yonker,  
Braue yonker *Cephalus*, whom faيرة *Aurora* desired.

*Eolus* of purpose, *Auroraes* fancie to further,  
Sent forth sweet *Zephyrus* with tender breath to be blowing,  
And moist dew by the fields with whistling blast to be drying,  
Least nights colde moisture might stay their louely proceedings,  
Stay braue *Eolides*, stay braue *Aurora* fro kissing.

Euerie thing did smile, woods, fields, aire, watery fountains,  
Euery Lapwing sang, and made sweete mirth of the morning,  
And cheerefull *Charites* with goldlocks gaily bedecked,  
Daunced along by the fields in due and gracious order:  
And th'vnruely Satyrs by the sound of a paltery piper,  
Leapt and skipt by the woods in most lasciuious order.

Onely *Amintas* loathd these sports, and these pretie pastimes,  
Onely *Amintas* mourn'd, and old griefes onely remembred,  
Leauing house and home, and deserts onely frequenting,  
Scratching face with nailes, and *Phillis* freshly bewailing.

O what means *Phillis*, can *Phillis* cast off *Amintas*?  
O consider, alas, consider careful *Amintas*,  
And forget not, alas, forget not faithfull *Amintas*,  
Who for *Phillis*, sake, for loue and fancie to *Phillis*,  
Bears this fire in his heart, and still this fire is a feeding.  
What means *Phillis* alone in those faيرة fields to be walking,  
In those *Elysian* faيرة fields, and leaue me behind her?

What's

### *The tenth Lamentation.*

Whats there no more care of flock in *Phillis* abiding?

What? no care of loue, no care of loue *Amintas*?

O vnthankful wench, if this thing come by thy causing,  
And accursed fate, if destenie cause thee to leaue me.

See what a strange effect these cares haue wrought in *Amintas*:

Needles cares haue driu'n al needful cares from *Amintas*.

No care, no comfort in driuing goats to the mountains,

When rising *Phæbus* displaies his beams in a morning.

No care, no comfort in bringing sheep to the sheep coats,

When sitting *Phæbus* withdrawes his face in an euning.

Rimes are quite set aside, and seu'nhol'd pipe is abandond,

Rimes that I plaid on pipe: pipe vsed at euery dancing.

Leather bottel's lost, and tarbox broken a sunder,

Shoone, and mittens gone, and sheephooke cast in a corner,

And little old *Lightfoote* hath lost his maister *Amintas*,

Whose watchful barking made woolues afraid to be biting.

See, how *Phillis* death doth make my goats to be dying.

No bodie giues them Thime and other flower to be gnapping,

No bodie giues them drink and water fresh to be sipping,

No bodie brings them back to the fold, or shade to refresh them.

See, how *Phillis* death doth make my sheepe to be dying,

Whilst th'vnluckie shepheard neglects his sheepe to be feeding,

Lambs in woful wise by the woolues are dailie deuoured,

Ews in loathsome sort with scabs are fouly molested,

And their wooll with dust and durt is filthily fouled.

O but, alas, poore foole, whilst thou thus rail'st on *Olimpus*,

*Phillis* faire perchance in pleasant fields of *Auernus*,

Keepeth better goats, and better sheepe is a feeding,,

Leauing this poore flock, and their poore maister *Amintas*.

And must onely my death cause endlesse plagues to be ended?

And shal I neuer die, til time that destenie pointed?

O what a life is this, with life and death to be struiuing?

And yet I loue this life, this strife, and euery moment

Reason yeelds to my rage, and rage giues place to my reason.

And whilst breath shal abide in burning breast of *Amintas*,

Perpetual sobbing shal make these sides to be smarting,

Perpetual plaining shal make this mouth to be sounding,

Perpetual weeping shal make these eies to be swelling.

### *The tenth Lamentation.*

As soone as *Titan* with face all fire returneth,  
With violent clamors great clouds wil I cast on a cluster:  
As soone as darke night doth spread her mantle among vs,  
With teares stil trickling I'll make springs euer abounding.  
What lou's like to my rage? what fancy's like to my folly?  
That not a day, not an houre, not a moment scapeth *Amintas*,  
But stil *Amintas* mourns, since *Phillis* graue was a making,  
That lewd Lord of loue drew my destruction onward,  
That boy bred my bane, my death vntimely procured,  
When by the sight of a lassie, by the flaming eies of a virgin  
Fire did pierce by my flesh, to my soule, to my bones, to my marrow,  
And there burns and boils like scalding sulphur of *Aetna*.  
Who would thinke thou loue couldst beare such hate to a louer?  
Or wouldst worke such harme to a countryman that is harmles?  
But bloody boy thou art, thou bearest bloody mind, bloody weapons.  
And thou most spiteful *Nemesis*, whose hasty reuenging  
Hands are euer at hand: whose mind is mutable alwaies,  
At miseries laughing, at mens felicitie grudging,  
Why durst thou deale with? what didst thou meane to be meddling  
With louing *Phillis*, with *Phillis* louer *Amintas*?  
If that, *Phillis* I kist, or *Phillis* kissed *Amintas*,  
If that *Phillis* I clipt, or *Phillis* clipped *Amintas*,  
If that I spent many houres in talking vnder a Myrtle,  
Wast any great offence, any great disgrace to a Goddesse?  
We were countrey folke, two seellist soules of a thousand,  
Those golden Diadems, that state of a King, or a Kingdome,  
Those vaunting titles, that pompe of a Duke, or a Dukedome,  
Those flaunting buildings, that pride of an Earle or an Earldome,  
More fit for *Nemesis*: *Phillis* more fit for *Amintas*.  
Who would thinke thou couldst on beggers thus be triumphing?  
Why should seelly shepheards be molested thus by a Goddesse,  
Nay Goddesse *Nemesis*? for thou doest nobody goodnes,  
And where's no goodnes, who thinks there can be a Goddesse?  
And thou most hellish *Lachesis*, more fierce then a fury,  
What reason foundst thou such mischief for to be working,  
That by the griping pains, by the cold hoate fits of an ague,  
*Phillis* fit for a man, should die thus afore she be fitted?  
O why shouldst thou take al comfort quite fro the countrey,

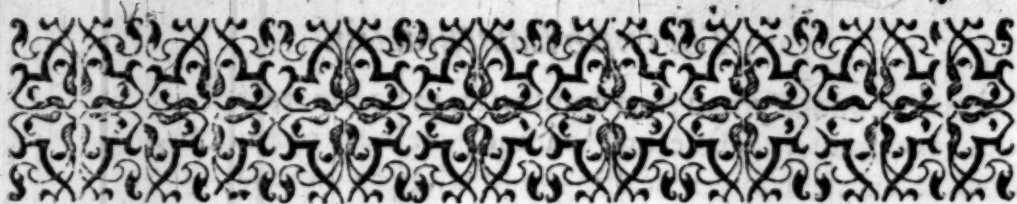
And

### *The tenth Lamentation.*

And make countrey men thus comfortles to be mourning?  
Could not that sweet face, nor that most seemely behauiour,  
Nor that league of loue stil lasting leade thee to mercy?  
Who would think that thou wouldst thus haue dealt with a milkemaide?  
But thy delight is death, and blood thou onely desirest,  
Therefore bring me to death, take liuing blood from *Amintas*,  
For my delight is death, death only desireth *Amintas*,  
And to procure quick death, it's fully resolud by *Amintas*,  
That faire *Phyllis* againe may loue her louer *Amintas*.  
And yet about euning, with staggering steps he returned.

E 2

¶ The



¶ The last Lamentation, and the death of *Aminias*.

AND now since *Phillis* dead corps was laid in a coffin,  
Came th'eleuenth day: when weake yet wakeful *Aminias*  
Spi'd through tiles of his house faire *Phæbus* beames to be shining:  
Which when he saw, then in hast himselfe he began to be stirring,  
And with trembling knees, with mind extreamely molested,  
Passed along to the fields, where graue of *Phillis* appeared:  
Meaning there to the graue, to the ghost, to the scattered ashes,  
His last lamenting in woful wise to be making.  
But when he saw fresh flowres, and newe grasse speedily start vp,  
And *Phillis* sweet name ingrau'n by the hand of *Aminias*,  
Then did he stay and weepe with an inward horror amased:  
And at length his knees on graue there faintly bowing,  
With dolorous gronings his fatal howre he bewailed.

This day, this same day, most blessed day of a thousand,  
Shal be the first of ioy, and last of anoy to *Aminias*,  
This shal bring me my selfe to my selfe, and bring me to *Phillis*.  
Let neither father nor mother mourne for *Aminias*,  
Let neither kinsman, nor neighbour weepe for *Aminias*,  
For *Venus*, onely *Venus*, doth lay this death on *Aminias*,  
And *Phillis* sweet soule in faire fields staies for *Aminias*.  
If you needs wil shew some signe of loue to *Aminias*,  
Then when life is gone, close vp these eies of *Aminias*,  
And with *Phillis* corps lay this dead corps of *Aminias*,  
This shal *Phillis* please, and *Phillis* louer *Aminias*.  
And thou, good *Damon*, driue forth those sheepe of *Aminias*,  
Least that *Aminias* sheepe die with their maister *Aminias*.  
And thou faire *Amarillis*, when thou gang'st to the mountains,  
Driue on *Phillis* goats, faire *Phillis* goats to the mountains,  
For now it's certaine, I leaue this life for a better,  
And seeke for mending in a most vnnatural ending.  
Hils and dales farewell, you pleasant walks of *Aminias*,

*The last Lamentation.*

Flouds and wells farewell, sometime the delight of *Amintas*,  
Now shal I neuer more my sorrows vtter among you,  
Now shal I neuer more with clamors vainly molest you.  
Must then *Amintas* thus but a stripling murder *Amintas*?  
O what an imperious princeesse is *Queene Cythera*?  
For stil watching loue would neuer let me be resting,  
Nor neuer sleeping, since *Phillis* went from *Amintas*.  
And no longer I can susteine these infinite horrors,  
And pangs incessant, which now are freshly renewed,  
And much augmented: therefore am I fully resolved  
Of lingring loues wound to be speedily cur'd by a deaths wound.  
Thus when he had contriu'd in his heart this desperate outrage,  
And meant fully to die, with an hellish furie bewitched;  
What do I stay, quoth he, now? tis losse of time to be lingring.  
Then with a fatal knife in a murdring hand; to the heauens  
Vp did he looke for a while; and groand with a deadly resounding,  
With these words his life and Lamentation ending.

Gods, and ghosts, forgiue, forget this fault of *Amintas*,  
Pardon I craue of both: this knife shal bring me to *Phillis*,  
And end these miseries, though destenie flatly denie it.  
Eu'n as he spake these words downe fel deepe wounded *Amintas*,  
Fouling hands and ground with streames of blood that abounded.  
And good natur'd ground, pitying this fall of *Amintas*,  
In most louing wise very gently receaued *Amintas*,  
And when he fel, by the fall, in mournful sort she resounded.  
*Iupiter* in meane time, and th'other Gods of *Olimpus*,  
When they saw his case (though great things were then in handling,)  
Yet lamented much, and then decreed, that *Amintas*  
Soule, should go to the fields where blessed *Phillis* abideth,  
And bloody corps should take both name and forme of a faire flowre  
Called *Amaranthus*; for *Amintas* friendly remembrance.  
Whilst these things by the gods were thus decreed in *Olimpus*,  
Sences were al weake, and almost gone from *Amintas*,  
Eies were quite sightles, death pangs and horror approached:  
Then with his head halfe vp, most heauily groaned *Amintas*,  
And as he groand, then he left his feete to the ground to be rooted,  
And seeking for a foote, could find no foote to be sought for,  
For both legs and trunck to a stalke were speedily changed,

Maye it please your lordship *J. J. Thomas*  
The last Lamentation.

And that his olde marrow to a cold iuyce quickly resolued,  
And by the same cold iuyce this stalk stil liuely appeared.  
Which strange change whē he felt, then he lifted his arms to the heauē,  
And when he lifted his arms, then his arms were made to be branches.  
And now, face and haire of *Amintas* lastlie remainēd:  
O what meane you gods to prolong this life of *Amintas*?  
O what meane you gods, with an hollow sound he repeated,  
Vntil his hollow sound with a stalk was speedily stopped,  
And faire face and haire bare forme and shape of a faire flowre,  
Flowre with faire red leaues, faire red bloud gaue the beginning.  
Then with bowe and shaft and painted quier about him  
Vprose Lord of Loue, from princelike seate in *Olympus*,  
And, when t'was too late, laments this losse of a louer,  
Speaking thus to the gods of this new flowre of *Amintas*.  
Mirtle's due to *Venus*, greene Laurel's due to *Apollo*,  
Come to the Lady *Ceres*, ripe grapes to the yong mery *Bacchus*,  
Poplar to *Alcides*, and Oliues vnto *Minerua*,  
Gentle *Amaranthus*, thou fairest flowre of a thousand  
Shalt be my flowre henceforth, & though thou can'st from a bleeding,  
Yet blood shalt thou staunch: this gift will I giue thee for euer:  
And by the pleasant fields where gentle minded *Amintas*  
Lately bewaild his loue, there thy leaues louely for euer  
Boyes, and gyrls, and nymphs shal take a delight to be plucking,  
Take a delight of them their garlands gay to be making.  
And now in meane time whilst these things were thus a working,  
Good louing neighbours for a long time missed *Amintas*,  
And by the caues of beasts, by the dungeons dark, by the deserts,  
And by the hils, by the dales, by the wells and watery fountains,  
Sought for *Amintas* long, but neuer met with *Amintas*.

FINIS.

Summa in Summa annua est

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